

1967



PULSE

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LETTERS- TO EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the inclusion of T. Brown's article on "Saturday Night at the Renewal" in the current issue of "Pulse". But, to set the matter straight, it was not I who inaugurated the April 1 form of Evening of Recollection. The experiment was presented in the form of a resolution from one of the discussion groups of the Renewal day held here during February. Since the resolution was well received and encouraged by the local community, there was nothing for me to do but to implement it. I am most pleased that the program was as acceptable to the seminarians as it was to the priests and brothers of Collegeville.

Faithfully yours,
R.P. Bierberg

Dear Editor,

I thought you had a very original cover on the last PULSE. I have only one question, concerning one of the pictures. Why didn't that member of the notorious

"Pajama Gang", with the rifle pull the trigger?

Inquisitively,
Paul Weber



...PULSE is wonderful!! I enjoyed every word of it. You can have no idea how much I enjoyed reading about seminarians who are human young men who write and think like human young men, and who are not getting all tied up in psychiatric knots over their commitment to Lower Slobovia...

(Ed, note, the above is an excerpt from a letter received by a seminarian from Father Joseph Egan, C.P.P.S.)

TIME to CHANGE

The world has been dynamic and moving throughout its known and unknown history, but never has it moved so fast as in the twentieth century and especially since the dawn of the Sputnik Age. The Catholic Church has finally sensed that she was becoming old and feeble, so she also has sought a dynamic movement to put herself in the jet age. Holy Mother Church wisely and gradually sought her change. She has instilled into all her members the need of renewal. She wanted every member to recognize the old in order to keep what could be repaired and updated, but throw away all that is beyond repair.

The seminaries seem to be the slower ones to change. Many things could be changed, but I know that I am not fully capable of judging the why and the wherefore of most of these problems. There is one field that I think I am worthy to judge and this is the field of education. Not the entire field, but just two subjects--Latin and Greek.

Why should we be forced to take Latin and Greek? What purpose will it serve for those in parish work, in business work, or those serving as chaplains? It seems that the only ones that really need these two are those seeking a doctor's degree in some field of Theology. I ask this question, "Do they really need a formal six year education in Latin and two years of Greek?" I do not think they do and I have one good example. There is a priest in our Society who has a doctor's degree in Sacred Theology who entered the seminary after high school. He had no formal Greek education and very little Latin. He seemed to have done well without these two useless subjects.

Let us be practical and notice that the study of Greek serves us to seemingly no end. It won't help solve problems in the rectory or the confessional. It won't help the future businessman of our Society who will run Brunnerdale St. Joe's College or St. Charles in 1980. It surely won't help the chaplain on the battlefield or the one in the hospital who is trying to save a man's soul. Let the

man in authority realize this and drop the study of Greek from the seminarian's curriculum. I have heard many priests say, "Are they still making you take Greek?" I've never had to use Greek since I have been ordained." Let those who need it take it, if they even have to, for a doctor's degree in Theology, learn as much as they need on their own,

Let us attack Latin. This course is very essential to a priest, but the whole program should be revamped in order to get most of it out of the way before entering college. At Brunnerdale less Caesar should be taken and replaced with Cicero, Horace, or Livy. Then here at St. Joseph's there should be only one year of Latin. This Latin course should consist of what we now take our last semester here before entering the Novitiate, namely Ecclesiastical Hymns and Writings.

By extending this course to two semesters more variety could be studied and more time could be spent on it. This course would be of more help in our studying of Theology than the study of the battles of Hannibal in Livy.

Today we take twenty-eight hours of Greek and Latin. Twenty-eight hours of seemingly useless study that will never help a priest in converting an Atheist or saving a man's soul on his deathbed. With the dropping of Greek and the curtailment of Latin, the seminarian finds out that he has twenty-one hours to use towards a better end. He should use these hours to take courses in Psychology, Sociology, and Education. The priest of today has to deal with society and its needs and desires and faults. To be able to fully undertake this responsibility he should know how man himself works mentally (Psychology), how man works in accord with his surroundings (Sociology), and then the priest should be able to teach men in a sensible way.

With these new found hours, more courses of Theology could be taken. There will be hardly more than a handful of us who will be ordained. The rest of those who drop out between high school and ordination should be trained to be good Catholic laymen by having a substantial knowledge of our religion.

Our opinion can't be heard by those in authority when we are talking at the dinner table. This article is a conglomeration of thoughts over the year expressed by many a seminarian. We want you to read and to try to update, perhaps a little more quickly, the seminarians' curriculum. Let the seminary also become dynamic in the jet age,

B. Kunisch

There is a legend, dating back many years, which traditionally had its origin around Potsdorf, a little village near no place in particular. The legend told of their, King Mudas, who possessed a peculiar property: everything he intentionally touched turned into mud!

The King acquired this ridiculous ability while still a young child. He found that this power was quite useful to him as a child for he could make all the mud pies he wanted and become as dirty as he liked. However, as he became older, this attribute became a handicap. When he used to go to dances he had some difficulty finding a partner to dance with. He didn't have many friends for everyone was afraid of becomming mud ornaments.



King mudas

"A DIRTY JOKE"
OR

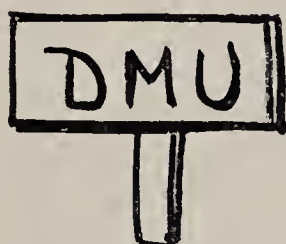
When the king later became the sole ruler of his country, he found he could control his people by threatening.. to turn them into mud! This was the king's answer to all his problems. No more would his subjects show dismay at some of his decrees, no more would they throw garbage at his carriage when he rode by to inspect the village. He had complete control over his subjects.

Eventually the king's subjects tired of his foolishness and stupidity. The king had been offered a chance to break this curse which he possessed, but he refused, feeling he would be too weak without it.

The day finally came when the famous King became old and lost much of the exuberance he once had. As he would ride through the streets, no one came out to cheer him. What could he do? Turn the entire village into mud statues. The king saw that he stood on a different plane from his subjects. He felt a deep breach between himself and them.

On the night of the 23rd, the people were having a celebration honoring the end of a great pestilence in the land. And the King left hsi castle inder cover of darkness and he walked until fatigue overcame him, and he saw the deep river flowing near-by the road, and he went down to the river's bank, and looked at his reflection, and a feeling of despair encompassed him, and then a splash was heard, ----and then there was silence again, and the people were having a celebration honoring the end of a great pestilence in the land.

Bruce Catalano



On May 20, the annual DMU elections were held. The candidates for the presidency were Paul Fongheiser, Roger Fortman, Thomas Schrieter and Michael Craig. On the second ballot Paul Fongheiser emerged as winner by a close vote. Jim Field was elected vice-president over Doug Borgert. John Hoying won the position of secretary unopposed. The post of treasurer was filled by Jim Burnett without opposition. Dave Hagan and Henry Winter vied for the office of Work Boss with Henry Winter finally winning. If all the members of next year's unit give these officers the necessary cooperation, the DMU will be successful. Without this cooperation the DMU will be in trouble.

On the same evening, the winners of the annual Mission Unit raffle were announced. The first prize, a Philco transistor radio, was won by Rick Dickrede, a secular student. David musto, another secular student, won the second prize, a portable tape recorder. Antoinette Cozzens, John Cozzens' sister, won a \$5 gift certificate to the college bookstore as third prize. Congratulations to all the winners.

Andy O'Reilly

fr. o'dell

Ever since a mild August day in 1962, Father Aloysius O'Dell has lived with the "Stoodents" of Xavier Hall. A new regime took over the hall that year, with the arrival of two new directors. The lives of the seminarians have been vastly improved. With the loosening of some of the outdated rules came more opportunities for cultural and social activities. By always keeping in close contact with the "stoodents" the directors realize their needs and desires.

Born in Jackson, Michigan, the home of the State Prison, Father O'Dell attended Saint John's Grade and High Schools. For a year he studied at Jackson Junior College, before he transferred to St. Joe's. In 1956 came the long-awaited ordination day, the greatest single moment in Father's life.

After ordination, the young priest studied for a year at the University of Montreal, where he earned his Licentiate in Theology.

Father O'Dell was then stationed here at St. Joseph's for the next two years. During this time, he served both as a teacher and a hall director for the secular students. From 1959 until 1961, he lived in Rome where he pursued further studies in Theology (it is rumored that Fr. O'Dell was caught cheating in Pope John's Theology II Course.)

Father O'Dell has now taken residence at Xavier Hall where he assists Father McKay as Director of Seminarians. Father spends much of his time preparing for his theology classes. In such a dynamic field, he must constantly read up on current trends and developments in his field.

As an assistant to Father McKay, Father O'Dell heartily agrees with all his policies. Father readily asserts that he does not know very much about the facets of seminary training. But he surely does a fine job of governing the hall whenever Father McKay is away. Mainly his job consists in talking with the seminarians and giving them much needed advice and counselling. Father has rightly won the respect of everyone in the hall both for his teaching skills and for his friendliness and willingness to help.

P. King



FROM THE Campgrounds



Well, it is finally here! It's that time of year we have been dreaming about for the last four or five months. Summer for all involved is a time for relaxation, WORK, vacations, summer school, and the pits. Since this is the last edition of *WILL*, it might be appropriate to look back and reflect upon the past ten months and take a peek at what is to come next fall.

We, the BP's arrived here last September 4th, knowing we were on the threshold of new life, but not knowing reall what to expect. The seven BP's that arrived from Brunnerdale had some idea of what religious life was like in an institution that was completely devoted to training young men for the priesthood or brotherhood, but they had not been exposed to the college atmosphere that surrounds St. Joe's. These fellows soon found that the training they received at Brunnerdale was a good starting point, but it was obvious that their training could not end there. The BP's that came into religious formation after high school, started completely from scratch. These fellows realized what they were giving up, because they had experienced the secular life all through high school, and in some cases, 5, 6, or 7 years after that. It was amazing how these two groups came to know each other. Both groups were willing to accept the knowledge and experience gained in life by the other. This mutual understanding did not come over night, however. It took until after Christmas to gain an understanding of each other's habits and ways of life.

After Christmas we were able to begin the process of establishing foundation for community living. We were able to form a "spirit", "a feeling of togetherness". This "spirit" enabled us to blend our ideas and our actions as one and not as ununited floundering individuals. We, the BP's formed IM teams in the past, but had not jelled. Once this "spirit" had formed, we made considerable gains. Com-

mon interest began to spring up even though some BP's were taking classes and others were not. Things such as the Thanksgiving dinner, IM sports, the "Little 500", and the Parents Day program provided common grounds for communications.

All in all, it has been a very prosperous and beneficial year for all the B.P.'s. If nothing else, we have had a chance to gain insight into ourselves and our relationship to the community in which we live. And if things hold true, this summer and next fall will be very interesting and beneficial to all.

R. Wise

DAD
YOU
I KNOW



.....that back in '49 there was a monthly newspaper, The Express? Here are some interesting excerpts from that paper:

"Our profoundest sympathies to Jim Froelich on the loss of certain musical compositions. He may get some consolation in recalling that Beethoven too suffered similar calamities...And he is still remembered."

"Oh, oh!! Methinks there's a little cheating going on over there. Jim McKay uses a steel hook on his finger during the football games. It is a little hard on both the footballs and the fellows isn't it?"

"The Man on the Flying Trapeze" Don Ballman tried to make a hit with Barnum and Bailey by falling off the chapel roof and hanging by a rope."

"Kill joy...When "Zugay" Sattler slipped into the river on December third, one of the spectators suggested that he crawl out immediately. To this he replied, 'What for? I just got in.'"

"Environment: John Hanssen finds it much easier to play the foot pedals on the organ without shoes."

"Tom Beischel, business manager of the "X", can be seen slinking around the corners to take down the names of the generous bartenders."

"It may be only in heaven that we shall know if Lizza and McKay have hung any more beds out the window."

"We have discovered that there isn't much left of the other Senior teams after a game with LeClair's team."

"Confusion: Chido spent fifeteen minutes of the hunt trying to decapitate a white headed rabbit. Finally someone informed him to yank the other end."

"Digger O'Dell, when asked why he didn't own a typewriter, 75 said to have replied, 'Do you think I'd own a cheap thing like that? I only sell them.'"

"Shields would be 'footicapped' had he severed his big toe -- he could count to nineteen only."

"Feeding Time: It was Jimmy McCabe who was feeding the baby coon and turned it upside down and shook it to see if it had enough."

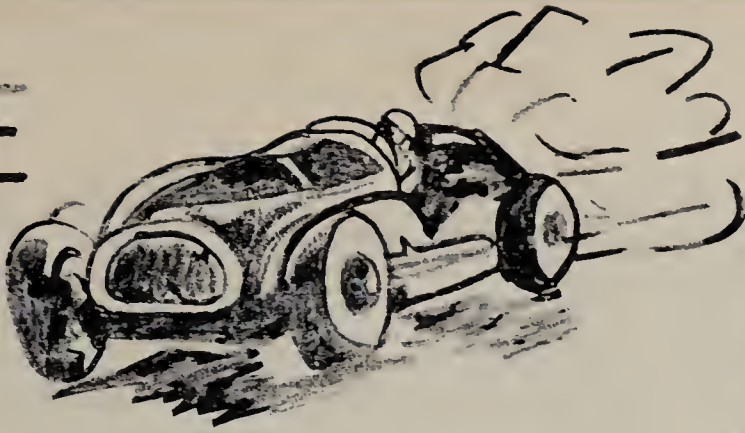
"Mark Krabbe, the Ozark Ike of Brunnerdale, thinks the seniors underestimated his basketball abilities since he wasn't on the team for one Sunday game."

"Hair: Where did it go, Palmquist?"

"Froelich, wanting to intorduce a new variety of hair cut, set the seminary agog by letting the barbers line up and toss hatchets at him."

Stein & Kugel

THE



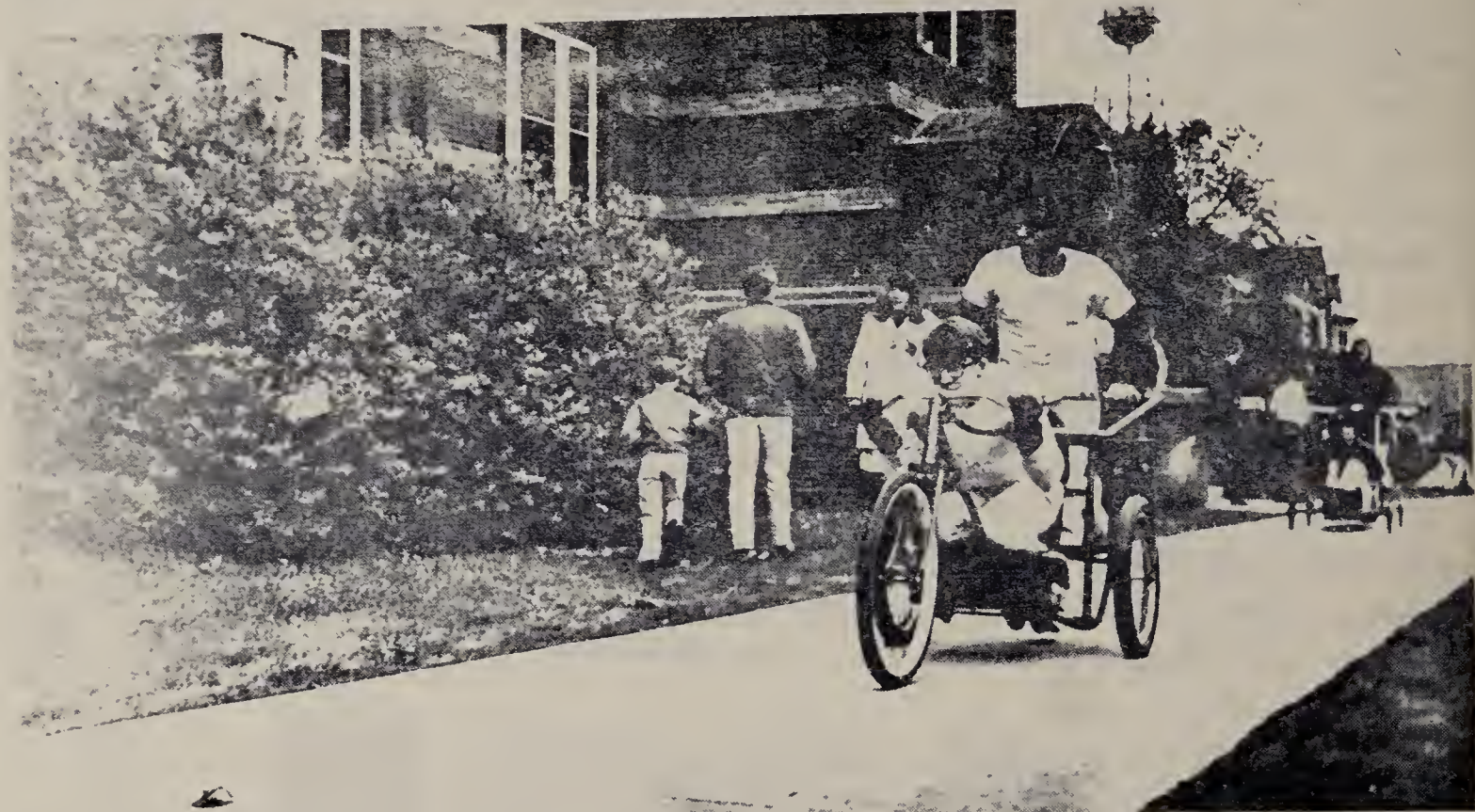
500

Three weeks before the annual occasion of "the little 500," at a Student Body meeting, Carl, "the Carthage Crusher" Hess was chosen to organize plans for a "Mongie" victory in the big race. With his assistants "Ford" Brinkman and "Carp" Cahoon, "the Crusher" redesigned two cars. Next he set about selecting a team from the twenty-eight volunteers. This team would have to combine the maximum of speed and endurance for pushing the cars. It was decided that each volunteer would vote for the ten he thought most qualified. The first team would be comprised of the ten receiving the highest number of votes and the second team the next ten. After completing the laborious task, "the Crusher" together with his able computer, added up the tallies. Alan Rettig, it was learned had the most votes with 29 out of a possible 28! (It seems that "the Crusher" and his computer were under heavy strain.) Since he received the most votes, Al was chosen captain of the first team. The first team included Mike Bornhorst, Aloyd Ebach, James Clarence Field V, Jim Gessler, Fred Hofstetter, Don



"Suds" Jerwers, Terry Lothamer, Dan O'Neil and Frank Pritz. The driver for the first team was Steve Sinkovich with John Hohman as his back-up driver. "The Crusher" and "Carp" along with Ronnie Hoying, graced the pit area with an assorted collection of screwdrivers, wrenches and extra wheels

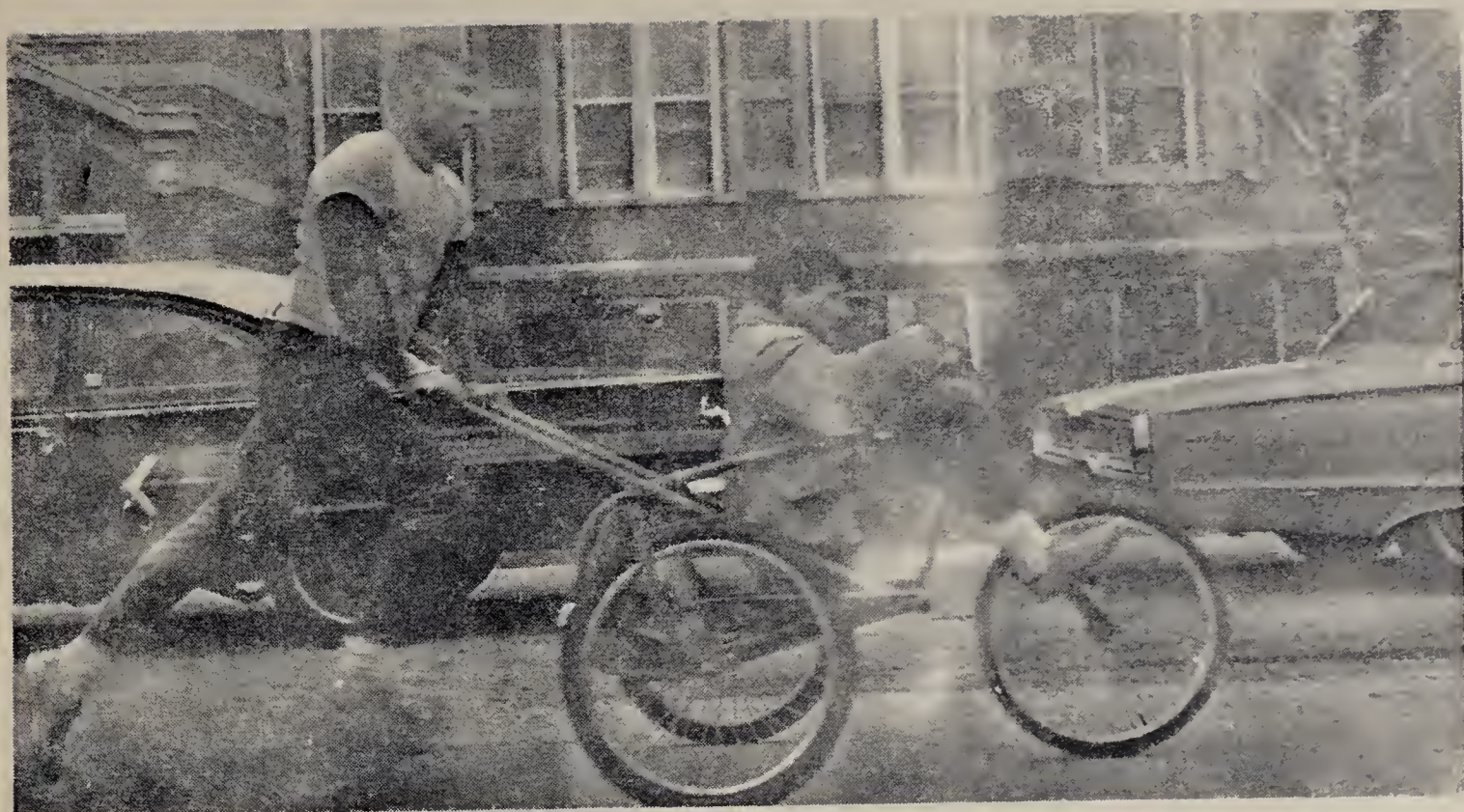
The second team was led by captain Steve Herniak, and included Jim Ballmann, "Ford" Brinkman, Tom Brown, Al Kaminsky, Stan A. Malatesta, Pat McBride, Mike Ploetz, Dan Rogers, and Henry "the home-town-boy-made-Good" Winter. Jack Sower drove and Rich Moser was the back-up man, while 'Big Bad Brad' Uhlenhake and Jim "Langenreds" were the pit crew.



Christopher Hall also entered a car for the race. Ron Schaaf and Tom Schreiter were the drivers and Jim Hoying Jim Post, Dave Newport, Brothers Arnie and Juan, Paul Weber and Jerry Schmidt. Dave Hagen and Jim Greer composed the pit crew.

The Bid Day, Saturday, April 22, arrived with a touch of Winter in the air. A feeling of tense excitement lined the walls of Xavier in the morning as the Mongies waited for the 1:00 P.M. starting time.

In the basement, "the Crusher" and "Ford" were greasing the wheels, while "Carp" checked out the spares. At 12:00 most of the Mongies would eat, while the two teams prepared for the race and posed for pictures. The temperature



was a cool 38 degrees, and coupled with the twenty-five mile per hour wind, all knew well they were in for another chilly spring day at Collegeville. Wearing their Mongie racing shirts which had been drawn by Jim Gessler, the two teams and their crews made the journey to the track.



The cars were to begin in front of Raleigh Hall in a Le Mans Start and proceed in a counterclockwise direction around the Science Building and then down the treacherous old Appian Way and around the turn in front of Raleigh. This is nearly a quarter mile and each one of the famed "Mongie Racing Team" knew it would be tough in that wind.

Two days previous, the time trials were held for the starting positions. Much to the delight of "the Crusher" the two teams had excellent times in the twenty-five car field. "The Little-Red-Apple" finished first with a fantastic lap of 1:04. "The Fluorescent Fling" finished fourth and the Brother Postulants finished in the number eight position.



As the starting time approached, the pushers from each team filed up to the judges stand to be checked in and stamped for maximum security against the illegal use of extra psuhers, (only ten are allowed for each car).

Race announcer Pat West called for drivers and lead-off pushers to prepare for the start. The tension mounted as the official raised the green flag. It fell and the drivers raced for their cars and the race was on. Jack Sowar with Pat McBride pushing, put the #2 car into the lead. The #1 car was involved in a four car pile-up at the starting line, blocking nearly the entire width of the track, while the "Little Red Apple" sped for the far turn.

As the first lap ended, "the Little Red Apple" was out in front with a good Drexel car challenging it for the first place and Drexel #1 second place, the other Xavier car and the postulant's car were far back in the pack,

As the race continued, the Drexel car and "the Little Red Apple" fought for the first and second positions, trading several times, Al Kaminsky and Pat McBride seemed to run faster laps as time elapsed, Dan Rogers, Hank Winter, Tom Brown, "Bill" Ploetz, and Jim Ballmann kept a fast pace. And although "Ford", Stan and Captain Steve Herniak were bothered by cramps, they continued their turns.

At 3:00 P.M., the official announced that only fifteen more minutes remained in the race, At the time the Mongies #2 car was nearly a half lap behind Drexel, with a darkhorse Merlini car closing in on the leaders, The #1 Mongie car was far back having had a second long pit stop with a second flat tire,



With five minutes left the Merlini team had nosed out the Drexel car. But there was still hope in the Mongie camp. Everyone was excited about the possibility of a victory. But when the gun sounded, the Merlini car had officially logged 101 laps with Drexel car less than a lap behind and the Mongies a lap back of the winners,

It was a great effort by both teams, "The Crusher" was a little disappointed, but all well knew what the gleam in his eyes meant, the Mongies will take it next year,

T, Fpssum

maior

maioris

As I walked down the sacred way (as isn't my custom), but being compelled to take that path on this particular night because of a deep fear of those good-natured species who are always so willing to supply the pause that refreshes to those whom it always seems don't care to be refreshed, a man ran up to me (whom I knew only by major) and began to rave about the only subject in the world worth pursuing (he thought it was), philosophy. It seemed as if he were at the high point of his daily LSD (lift-off from Socratic Dialog) trip. As it turned out, I was right. He began by telling me how wonderfully subanimate were some of the quotes he had just heard from Dr. Meta, his fabulous Deelyphysics professor. Of course, as usual, I was amazed and enlightened by his wonderful insights consisting in sentences running anywhere from twelve lines to twelve miles of pica type and made up of twenty-four-syllabled words so complex it would take a Ph. D. in etymology and at least an M.A. in philosophy to understand them.

Thus, faking a deep partnership in ecstasy with this master of the logical order, I hoped that I could bring him around to examining some of the other subjects that are sometimes pursued by men, though, of course, he recognized these others only as subdivisions or trivial dependents of that great mother of the humane rationale, philosophy. As I tried to show my friend how even his great philosophers would have been lost without the tools of rhetoric and the guidelines of language to lead them in their dissertations, a very dear friend of mine, Claude B. History (known to the philosopher only by major), was passing by and stopped to join us in our chat. I dropped a few hints to Claude behind the back of dear Philo in hopes that he would help me out of my predicament. Good soul that he was, Claude responded immediately with the same look he must have given to old, emperor Nero the night he

caught him smoking in bed. It was the old, I'd sure like to help you if I could, but I can't stop the train from falling in the river if the bridge is out type of look that lets you know he's sorry to see you stuck, but he's not going to slip into the quicksand too. Continuing our conversation, I asked old Philo his opinion of Mr. Meta as a philosopher. Philo quickly informed me that Mr. Meta was one of the most original philosophers of the decade stating that in his published works an average of at least one-and-one-half sentences out of seven are free from quotes. Mr. Meta has even written one dissertation that is completely free of any quotes or references to Plato. This indeed is original.

Luckily about this time, Claude broke into conversation with his deep-set Ides of March tonality and began to set Philo straight on a few misconceptions. "History," he began, "is the thing. The only thing about which we can be certain is our past. And we must thank the lord for this. All our actions are a part of history, and it is from history that we must learn to correct ourselves. The ancient maxim that 'history repeats itself' is true only because we have not learned from history. If more of mankind would take the pains to learn history, then there would be less chance of our repeating our mistakes because we would see more clearly how these problems have been dealt with in the past."

"I can see your point," Philo broke in, "but don't you see that history is merely the record of man's actions and not the cause of those actions? You seem to have mistaken the effect for the cause. It is the cause we are after. That cause is philosophy. It is philosophy that makes men decide to do the things they do. Once everyone understands philosophy, then will we be able to control ourselves,

Just as old Philo had begun to speak, another old friend of mine, Socius Ologos had joined our little group. "It's not so much the philosophy or the history behind human actions as it is the environment. Every man who has ever been born has been subject to some kind of class distinction. Whether king or pauper, freedman or slave, the old social dividing blocks have been either the permit or the restraining order for all human actions. You cannot escape your environment."

Pretty soon a large crowd had begun to gather; made up mostly of classmates of mine whom it seemed were not too

enthused over the free swimming lessons being offered on the other side of the Ad building either. Business Major, an old friend from way back broke in, "History isn't set by philosophy, and man isn't controlled by his environment. Commerce is the cause of all wars and the motive of peace. Basically man has one goal in life, to make himself well off. The reason some men aren't well off is simply that they haven't learned to handle their affairs properly. Once a man knows how to manage his money, his life is set. By knowing the basics of business, man can control his environment and the only need he will have for philosophy or history will be superficial or subordinate to his business dealings.

"Man may do well to learn how to handle his money properly, but this won't even be half the battle if man has not come to understand the subconscious aspect of human nature. Psychology is the only real key to human nature. Without an understanding of his subconscious motivations, man will be utterly lost when it comes to being able to regulate his environment and control his existence."

"Psychology may be the present answer to man's needs, but I'll take my examples from the ancients any day. Human nature hasn't changed one bit since the time of Plato and Aristotle. A good foundation in the humanities and an intense program of classical languages and thought is still the most sure-fire answer to man's need for understanding.

Aristotle is dead, and even great Caesar's ghost is a thing of the past. The future belongs to the scientist. All of our subconscious reactions and everything that exists in nature can be reduced to chemistry. The chemistry of the human body is a vast field still greatly underdeveloped. Once we have learned to regulate and imitate these chemical processes, then will we have the answer to man's probings."

"Chemistry is certainly important, but human chemistry would be completely lost without a knowledge of biology and the basic processes of life. It is these we must understand before we even dare to claim the key to human existence."

"All of you, I will generously admit, have good points, but where would any of you Grannies be without mathematics? The entire problem we are trying to solve can be reduced to one system of ratios and proportions. Perhaps physics and energy play a part in this cycle, but even

these are almost entirely dependent on math for their principles."

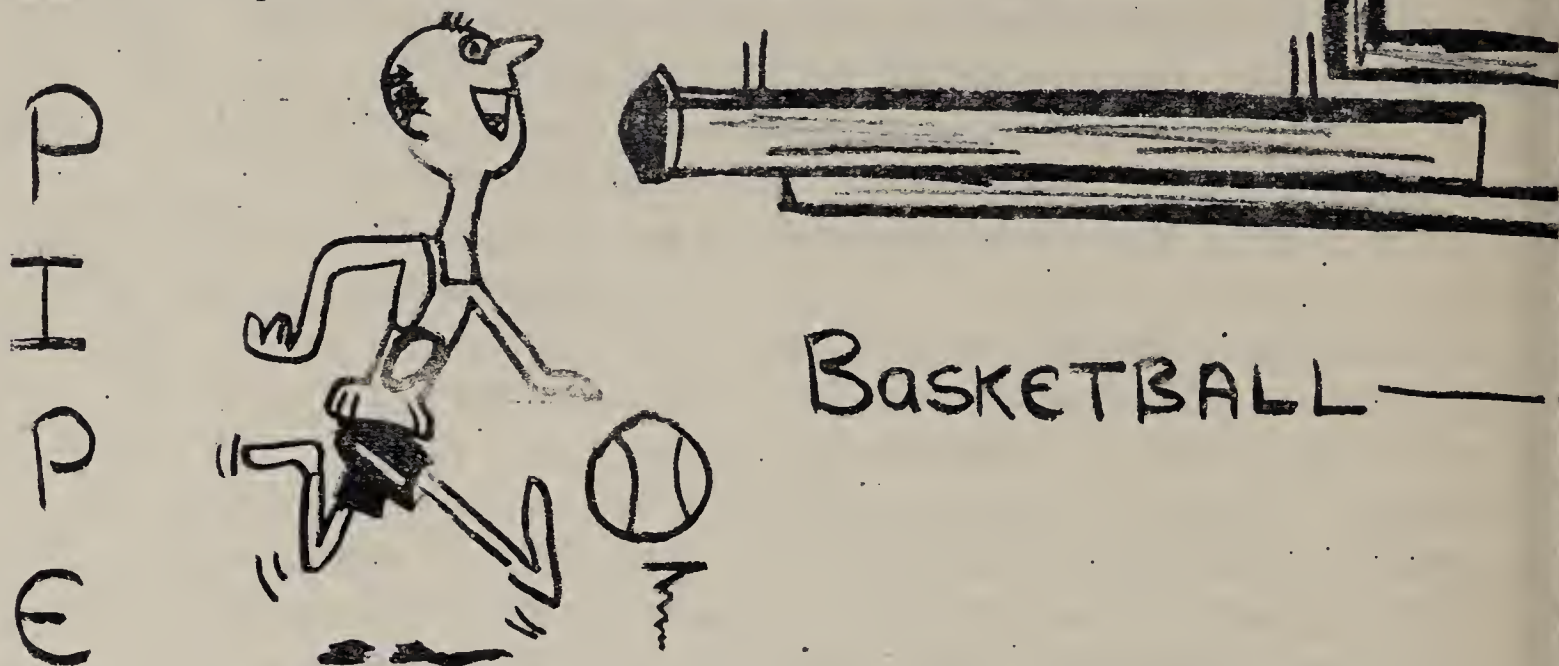
"Man is basically a social being. This is what drove our ancestors to form tribes and this is also the reason for our present divisions into nations and countries. As the world stands today, the future of man will be determined by the leaders of those social organizations known to us as governments. The man who understands the science behind these governmental units holds the key to our future. Political science and those who have studied and mastered it will determine the fate of mankind."

About this time the conversation began to deteriorate into a complete blur of curse-like blasphemies and pious ejaculations. While no one was looking, I made my way around the crowd and went into the library. Coming out of the library about three hours later, I found the crowd, perhaps a little larger, perhaps a little smaller, still fighting strongly. "Physics is superior to philosophy because without chemistry economics could not exist..." or something like that was the gist of the debate.

Yelling at the top of my lungs, I pleaded with them from the bottom of my heart to shut up. Finally, gaining their attention and being totally exhausted from doing so, I began to speak slowly, "Don't you people see that you can argue all night, but you won't get any farther than the two twins fighting over whether Certs is a candy mint or a breath mint. When it comes right down to it, you're both right. Each major you have been fighting for is an integral part of human endeavor. Certs is great if you use it just for candy or if you use it for your breath, but naturally the best motivation for using Certs is both candy and breath. Majors work the same way. Each is important and performs an independent function all its own, but even the best of the majors is enhanced by the presence of others. I will not deny that one major is superior to another. Certainly we should be allowed to establish some type of hierarchy. But the basic motivation for any major is always a matter of personal interest. No major in itself holds the answer to human existence. Personally I have chosen English; you, biology, you, still another field. Though we may become absorbed in our own fields, let us never forget that one another exists. There's more than one kind of tree in the forest, and there is certainly more than one field of interest to which man may yield himself."

T. Brown

The next Olympic Games to be held in Mexico City in 1968 will be the first to include that ever-popular indoor outdoor sport, pipe basketball. This is another milestone in the long and glorious history of the game. Though this game has long been played in South America, Canada, the United States, and Cleveland, this will be the first time that the sport is internationally recognized.



For those of you who have been stranded on a desert island for the last 150 years the game will seem strange but can easily be learned. Any number of players from one to twenty-seven can play. All the equipment necessary is a set of pipes (available in almost any basement, boiler-room, steamship or seminary) and a pipe basketball basketball. In place of a regulation size pipe basketball basketball it is possible to use a basketball basketball, tennis ball, mush ball, volleyball, superball, matzoth ball, or a particularly heavy ping-pong ball. Aside from that, the rules are exactly like those of banana volleyball.

A visit to the Pipe Basketball Hall of Fame in Eagle Peuke, Colorado, will awe the lucky visitor with mementos, of the all-time greats of this action packed sport, Crazy Legs Kjansbtoskt, Pig Knuckles Blaznskewskowski, and Jelly Belly Orknowshowitch. (Perhaps pipe basketball could have achieved greater popularity with names like Ty Cobb, Ray Shore, and Babe Ruth) Not to be forgotten is the greatest pipe basketball player of them all, Jim Thorpe. This was the full blooded Indian, who with only three other teammates from their small Carlisle Indian School,

defeated the powerful and experienced pipe basketball varsity from Rhode Island West. It is indeed sad that this outstanding athlete was lured away from pipe basketball by the immense profits to be had playing romper room rugby.

I was indeed lucky to receive an opportunity to interview one of the Professional Pipe Basketball Association's finest stars, Six-Fingers Gruggnolonroph, the right center offensive quarter line rusher of the San Diego Iguanas, twice voted Most Valuable right center offensive quarter line rusher, and three times voted the Most Offensive,



MEMORIAL FIELDHOUSE
ASHTABULA, OHIO

HOME OF THE PIPE BASKETBALL
WORLD CHAMPS

— THE ASHTABULA ASHPITTERS —

ME: Gnugg, I notice your .437 accuracy percentage is leading the league at the moment, do you expect to maintain this lead?

GNUGG: Well me, I think I can hold it, I usually slump a little going into the first four days of August, then I have a few good days on the even numbered of the second week and of course I always do well on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

ME: To what do you attribute this streakiness?

GNUGG: Irregularity.

ME: How does the new rookie, Caterpillar Pickstzocelli, look to you so far this season?

GNUGG: This did's got a lot of hustle, determination and natural ability, but of course it is his first year in the Majors and it's always difficult for a guy with 24 legs,

ME: Do you have any personal ideas how the game could be improved?

GNUGG: Every player has his own ideas about the game, personally I'd like to see them keep score.

Yes, it looks like another big year for pipe basketball. Enjoy playing and spectating this great sport, sport fans, and remember; it's not whether you win or lose, it's whether you win.

Michael Gaspar Ploetz

history

In the annals of history the date September 1, 1939, resounds with importance, for on that date Germany invaded Poland and thus set off World War II. This attack changed the entire course of World History. Just twenty-six years later to the day (September 1, 1965), thirty-two young men ventured into St. Joseph's College as the new fifth-year class. Although unheralded by history texts, this arrival caused a considerable alteration of the way of life at Xavier Hall. Now that the Xavier Hall class of 1967 has nearly completed its stay on the campus of St. Joseph's College, it is perhaps appropriate that the class history should be accounted for.

As with all new classes at any school the fifth-years found their first days a time for adjustment. In early September the class elected John Mencsik to lead them as President. Soon afterwards, the class found out what the famous Mongie spirit meant, as the hall won the IM tug-of-war championship. Then in early November the hall stirred with the news that the college library suffered a theft of its renowned Bellini painting. Also that same month all the Mongies were employed as guards to watch for a man who had threatened St. Joe's with a bombing. Later in the year the Mystics organized by Dan Rogers, took a prize in the college variety show. In spring the Xavier Student Council, with the aid of Fr. McKay, procured an Easter vacation from the provincial. For the first time in Xavier Hall history the Mongies celebrated Easter at Home.

By the early part of August, 1966, the class found itself in a position of leadership as sixth-years. The hall selected Brad Uhlenhake as Student Prince with Craig Cahoon and Bill Kunisch picked as president and vice-president of the sixth-year class. Other members of the class held down various posts: Andy O'Reilly (DMU President), Tim Hemm (PULSE editor), Al Ebach (IM commissioner), Andy Padich (Macy's Manager), Tom Nath (Xavier house boss), Al Rettig (student carpenter gang boss) and Mike Tierney (Senior barber).

One big change over the previous year was the expansion of PULSE. The energetic editor received valuable assistance from production manager Ion Will, senior photographer Russ Groblewski, and all around staff aid Paul Weber. Six issues of PULSE were printed during the year.

The IM season turned out extremely successful. The hall won championships in two major sports: volleyball and softball. Tom Schmelzer and Bill Kuhlman won volleyball trophies for the second year in a row. Once again the hall found victory in the tug-of-war as Tom Fossum and Don Jerswers participated on the winning team for a second time. The IM commissioner, Al Ebach, retained his wrestling crown, and Jim Olszewski kept his golf title.

Other achievements must be mentioned. The Xavier homecoming float, designed by John Cozzens, received second place award. Xavier entered two teams in the "Little 500" with the fighting second team finishing a strong third. Carl Hess and Fred Brinkman, the hall's chief mechanics, spent a great amount of work on the two "500" cars. Any camp and stream problems were deftly handled by Dan O'Neil.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of the school year came in early March. Due to a water failure all students enjoyed an extended Easter vacation. This stroke of fate, however, made the remaining part of the school year extremely hectic, as profs pushed hard to make up for lost time. Finally, and mercifully the school year ended, and the sixth-years completed their final semester at Saint Joseph's.

This class history, although brief and by no means complete, pointed out some of the highlights of the past two years at Xavier Hall. We, the class of 1967, have left our mark of achievement on the hall. Another step towards our goal, the priesthood, has been taken. We now look ahead to a hopefully bright future.

I am certain that the hall would want to congratulate the PULSE staff on a fine job well done. Under the editorship of Tim Hemm, the PULSE began a new era. Congratulations are due to the other members of the '66-'67 PULSE staff:

OLD STAFF:

Editor: Tim Hemm

Asst. Editor: Peter King

Production Manager: Ron Will

Asst. Production Manager: Paul Weber

Art Editor: Brad Uhlenhake

Photography: Russ Groblewski, Fred Hofstetter,
Frank Pritz

Lithography: Tim Hemm and Al Rettig

Business Manager: Bill Kunisch

The whole staff did a magnificent job. We hope that next year's PULSE staff will do just as good a job if not better. The new PULSE staff is headed by Peter King, EDITOR. The other members of the new staff are as follows:

NEW STAFF:

Editor: Peter King

Asst. Editor: not yet chosen

Production Manager: Bert Woolson

Asst. Production Manager: Mike Ploetz

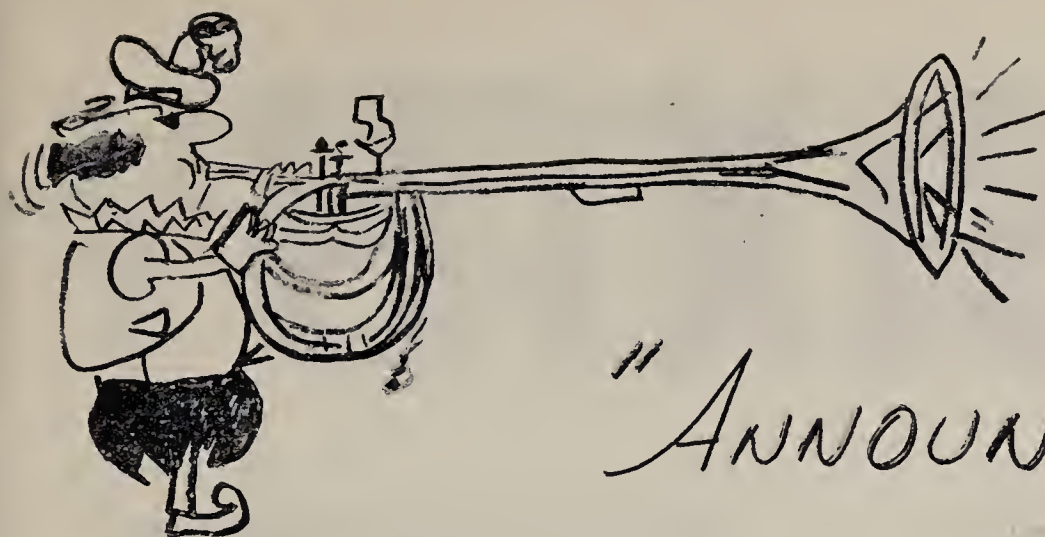
Art Editor: Dan Glazier

Lithography: Frank Pritz and Peter King

Business Manager: Paul Fongheiser

Photography: undecided

T. Nath



"ANNOUNCING"

--As seen and reported by Mother Weber's youngest son,
Paul

--FOR RELEASE: When Myrtle gets around to printing it.

FABULOUS FOUR SEASONS

The '67 "Little 500" weekend may be remembered for many things, but the highlight came Sunday afternoon with the Four Seasons in Concert. The weather that week-end was cold, but the Four Seasons warmed the hearts of all who saw and heard them. They started off their show with two of their great hits, "Since I Don't Have You," and "Big Girls Don't Cry." Other big songs that they sang in the first half of the show included, "Dawn," "Working My Way Back to You Babe," "Candy Girl," and "Rain". The highlight of each of these songs seemed to be Franki Valli's superb voice. Along with a strong tenor voice, he possesses an amazingly high and strong falsetto. After the intermission the Four Seasons continued singing more of their hit songs such as "Sherry," "What Makes a Hit Song," and so on. The back up drummer for the group, Joe Pass, put on a performance of his own with an outstanding drum solo which brought the crowd to their feet with applause.

KING OEDIPUS STAGED BY COLUMBIAN PLAYERS

On May 12th and 14th, the Columbian Players staged a new edition of the ancient Sophocle's play, King Oedipus. Instead of presenting the play in the ancient setting that Sophocles wrote it for, the play was updated by Mr. Ravage, assistant professor of speech, and director of the production. Seminarians and brother postulants were represented in the play by Andy Padich and Jim Greer, who played the parts of townspeople.

SIXTH



Aloys Ebach
"Pius"

Bismarck, North Dakota
Plumbing Shop 5,6, Tug-
of-War 5,6, Football,
Volleyball, Softball 5,6
Wrestling Champ 5,6, FAV-
ORITE PASTIME: Inter-
class Football; FAVOR-
ITE SAYING: "Nath."



William J. Kunisch
"Nitch"

Berkey, Ohio
Processing Office, 5,6,
Student Council Treasur-
er 6, V.P. 6, PULSE
Business Manager 6, FAV-
ORITE PASTIME: Tennis,
football, reading; FAV-
ORITE SAYING: "Gol Vic!"



Ronald L. Will
"Willie"

Chickasaw, Ohio
Electric Shop 5,6, PULSE
Prod Manager 6, Sacris-
tan 6, FAVORITE PASTIME:
Collecting cartoons a-
bout "Snoopy." FAVORITE
SAYING: "Where there's a
WILL there's a Way."

YEARS



John C. Mencsik
"Mooge"

Troy, Ohio

Class Pres. 5, IM Bowl-
ing 5,6,-Captain 6, Soft
ball 5,6, Choir 5,6,
Faculty Building 5,6,
FAVORITE PASTIME; Bowl-
ing; FAVORITE SAYING:
"Are you kidding me?"



Daniel J. Rogers
"Rog"

Centerline, Michigan
Sacristy 5,6, Choir 5,6,
PULSE Staff 6, Mystics
5,6, Turkey Bowl Extra
6, FAVORITE PASTIME;
Guitar and tennis; FA-
VORITE SAYING: "I'm all
over this stuff."

James J. Olszewski
"Mez"

Highland, Indiana

Registrar Office 5,
Computer Center 6, Foot-
ball 6, Basketball 6,
Golf 5,6.





Thomas E. Nath
"Nate"

Sandusky, Ohio

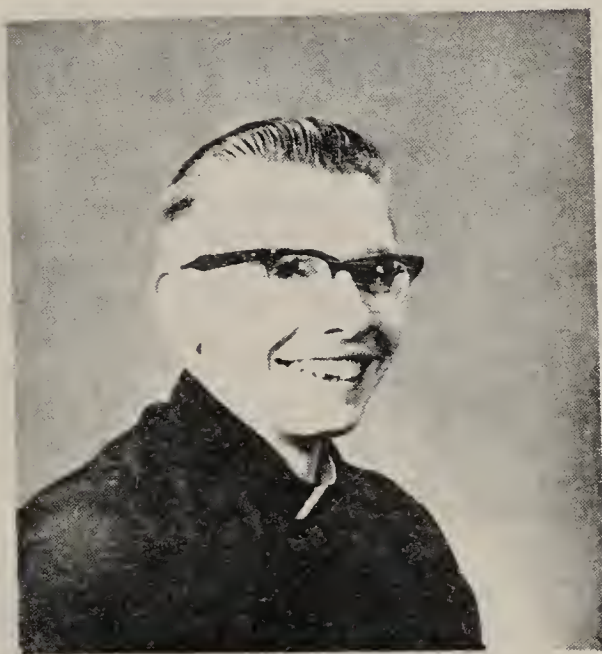
Resident Hall cleaner 5,
House Gang Boss 6, Tur-
key Bowl 5,6, IM Pi-
nochle - semi-finals 5,
6, FAVORITE PASTIME:
Tackle football; FAVOR-
ITE SAYING: "Shut up!"



Michael J. Tierney
"Tiern"

Columbus, Ohio

Barber 5,6, Mythical
championship fight with
Ebach 6, Campus Cop 5.



Alan R. Rettig
"Vic"

Cincinnati, Ohio

Carpenter Shop 5, 6,
Football, Softball, 5,6,
Trapper's Club 6, Rifle
Club 6, FAVORITE PAS-
TIME: Playing football;
FAVORITE SAYING: "Ask me
if I care."



Bradley R. Uhlenhake
"Broadley"

St. Mary's, Ohio

Football 6, Softball 5,
6, Lawn 5, Student
Prince, Turkey Bowl 5,6,
PULSE staff, FAVORITE
PASTIME: Football; FAV-
ORITE SAYING: "You'd
like that..."



William H. Kuhlman
"Wilbur"

Ottawa, Ohio

Football, Basketball,
Volleyball, Softball 5,
6, "X" Manager 5,6, FAV-
ORITE PASTIME: Playing
football; FAVORITE SAY-
ING: "Just a minute."



Paul M. Weber
"Webs"

Canton, Ohio

Faculty Bldg. 5, Garage
Gang 6, Choir 5,6, PULSE
Associate Prod. Man. 6,
FAVORITE PASTIME: Play-
ing Piano or organ; FAV-
ORITE SAYING: "Get on
the gig Carp."



Russell S. Groblewski
"Grubs"

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Lawn 5,6, PULSE Photo-
grapher 6, DMU Sec. 6,
Bowling 6, FAVORITE PAS-
TIME: Swimming; FAVORITE
SAYING: "Don't mock the
race that saved the
world!"



Timothy P. Hemm
"Hemmi-Head"

Piqua, Ohio

Processing Office 5, 6,
Trappers Club 5,6, PULSE
Ed. 6, Rifle Club 5,6,
FAVORITE PASTIME: Work-
ing on PULSE; FAVORITE
SAYING: "Cool it Webs--
quit totalling my desk."



Andrew E. O'Reilly
"Rile"

Bailey's X Roads, Va.
Talent Show 5, Bindery 5
6, DMU Pres 6, PULSE
Staff, FAVORITE PASTIME:
Swimming, carping; FAV-
ORITE SAYING: "You'd
like that."



Donald L. Jerwers
"Rip"

Kalida, Ohio
Electric shop 5,6, Trap-
per's Club 5,6, Rifle
Club 5,6, Basketball 6,
Softball 6, Turkey Bowl
5,6, Tug-of-War 5,6,
FAVORITE SAYING: "Hey
Dog!"



R. Andrew Padich
"Poach"

Floating 5, Residence
Gang 6, Macy's Manager
6.



Thomas J. Schmelzer
"Seltzer"

Delphos, Ohio
Lawn Gang 5,6.



Thomas J. Fossum
"Fos"

Ashland, Wisconsin
Garage 5,6, IM Tug-of-
War 5,6, IM Kicking
Champ 6, FAVORITE PAS-
TIME: Playing midile
linebacker; FAVORITE
SAYING: "Semper Packer
Backer."



Daniel R. O'Neil
"Niles"
Columbus, Ohio



Steve W. Sinkovich
"Sinco"

Detroit, Michigan
Floating Gang 5, Work-
Boss 6, Turkey Bowl 5,6,
Motown Promoter, CK-LW--
Lover, FAVORITE PASTIME;
Hockey, Swimming.



J. Craig Cahoon
"Carp"

Bailey's X Roads, Va.
Floating Gang 5,6, Alum-
ni Office 6, Class Pres,
6, Trapper's Club 6, Ri-
fle Club 6, Campus Cop
5, FAVORITE PASTIME:
Football; FAVORITE SAY-
ING: "Nath,"



Frederick C. Brinkman
"Brink"

Kalida, Ohio

Nursery 5,6, Trappers Club, Rifle Club, FAVORITE PASTIME: Working on cars, especially Chevies because they need it the most; FAVORITE SAYING: "You are weird!"



Carl J. Hess
"Crusher"

Celina, Ohio

House Gang 5, Carpenter shop 6, FAVORITE SAYING: "Fr. Ruschau, Can we use the garage?"



John R. Cozzens
"Coz"

Chicago, Illinois

Faculty Building, Bindery, Lawn Gang, Xavier's "Old Man" (Air Force Veteran) Designer of Homecoming Float '66, FAVORITE SAYING: "Sorry about that."



John J. Jadgchew
"Jad"

Parma, Ohio

Tailor Shop 5,6, PULSE Archives 6, Parent's Day (Chairman of Food Committee) 6.



5 out of 6 garbage men prefer PULSE to other
available dump material. -PULSE staff ^{SJC} Collegeville, Ind.
-Xavier Hall

fr. mckay

The deep silence that hung over Xavier Hall was suddenly shattered by a shrill, high-pitched whistle emanating from the gritted teeth of our director. This disciplinary device has struck terror into the hearts of seminarians under the unscrupulous guidance of Father James McKay.

Father McKay was born on October 7, 1929, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the city to which his parents, William and Mary McKay had immigrated from the great country of Ireland. Father McKay entered Brunnerdale in September of 1943 and after three years of "hard" studying, went to Saint Joseph's College. Here he gladly worked in the bindery. Three years later he entered Saint Charles Seminary at Carthagen, Ohio. Finally, six years later, on June 11, 1955, Father McKay was ordained to the holy priesthood. (We were blessed with another member of the McKay family--Father McKoy--who was also ordained in the Society of the Most Precious Blood.

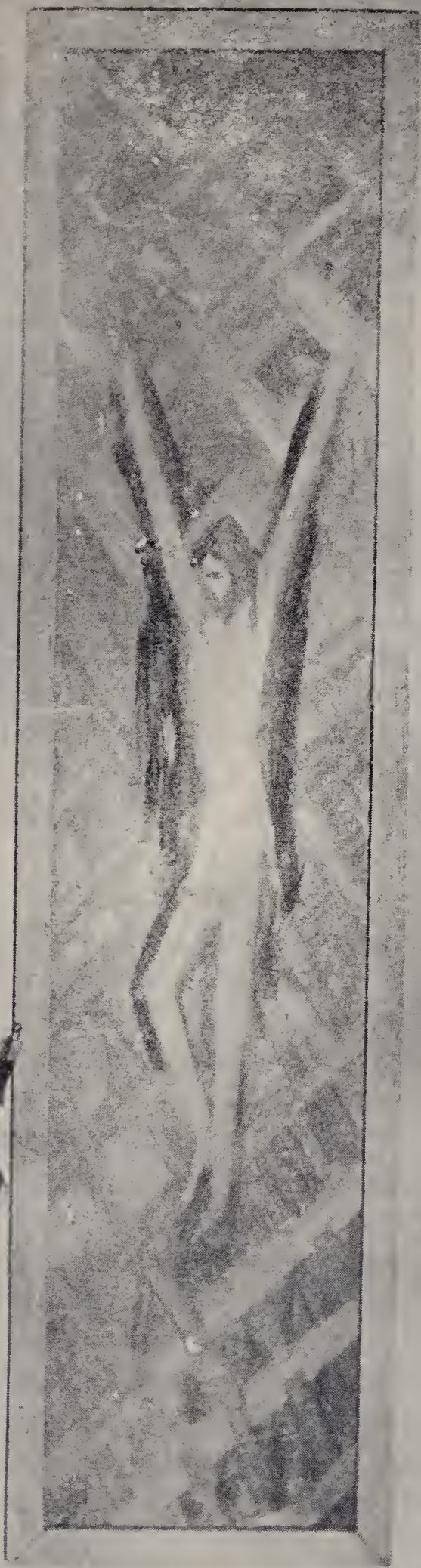
Then Father was on the road towards his life-long ambition of being a director of seminarians. After putting two years in at St. Mark's in Cincinnati as an assistant, he was sent to Brunnerdale as director of seminarians. He remained there from 1957-1961. Then Father went off to Cincinnati for a year and received a Master's Degree in counseling and guidance from Xavier University. In 1962 he was stationed at Xavier Hall at Saint Joseph's College as Director of Seminarians and has been here ever since.

Another of Father's distinctive traits is his Irish temper, which he controls very well. Not many realize the great amount of patience that is required for his job.

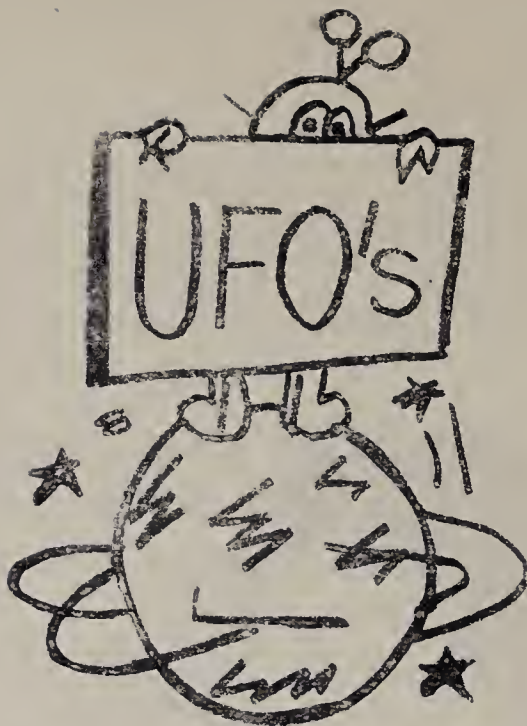
Putting all foolishness aside, we deeply appreciate all that Father has done for us, for example, free nights, movie permission, and his own unorthodox way of running things, which most of us will say is the best system we have ever been subjected to.

For this, Father McKay, we, the students of Xavier Hall, wish to thank you.

F. Brinkman



PART II



On January 10, 1961 a Polaris Missile was launched from Cape Canaveral, and tracked down range several thousand miles into the South Atlantic. The official log shows that, while the Polaris was still climbing, it suddenly acquired a travelling companion. The log refers to it as "an unidentifiable object." The object was evidently so much larger than the polaris and so close to the missile that the automatic radar tracking gear at the base locked on the larger object -- the UFO. When the UFO veered away from the Polaris a few minutes later, the automatic gear continued to follow it...and it required fourteen minutes, according to the official log, for the technicians to get the radar off the UFO and back on the smaller Polaris. Also many of the Gemini spacecraft would be followed by UFO's.

In May of 1963, when Major Gordon Cooper was making his final orbit of Earth, he radioed down to the tracking station at Muehea, near Perth, Australia, that he was being approached by a greenish object moving east to west, which is contrary to orbits of manmade satellites. It was seen on the tracking gear by more than a hundred persons. So when Cooper was fished out of the ocean at the end of his journey, the eager newsmen were bluntly informed that they could not question him about this incident, that any statement on it would have to come from NASA. Needless to say, no such statement ever came. Several pictures of UFO's were taken by Edward White and James McDivitt on their flight.

After the flight of McDivitt and White ended, and their films had been examined, United Press quoted a spokesman for NASA as making this remarkable statement: "Careful study of these pictures taken by McDivitt, of the object seen from the capsule, shows nothing that looks like a

satellite." If it didn't look like a satellite, what DID it look like? The spokesman didn't say, and presumably no one inquired.

And even in Frank Borman and James Lovell's flight in late 1965, they reported they were being followed by several unidentified objects, and several times they were sighted by X-15 pilots. For example, on April 30, 1962, Major Joe Walker was streaking along in excess of 2000 miles per hour at the fringe of Earth's atmosphere. After the flight, when his rearview movie camera films were developed, it was discovered that for part of his flight, Major Walker's plane had been followed by a group of five, disc-shape or cylindrical objects, which were in echelon formation most of the time they were in camera range. Major Walker was permitted to mention the eerie incident on an NBC broadcast from Seattle, and the films were shown at a news conference there, but no prints were available and Walker did not make any further public statements on the case.

The official explanation which followed hot upon the heels of the broadcast was that the objects were in real-



ity only "ice flakes." If so, it was one of those extremely rare incidents where ice flakes flew in echelon formation and followed a plane at 2000 miles per hour, which you may agree is pretty fast, even for an educated ice flake.

There is also the questions of satellites suddenly blacking out for months or weeks on end, and then coming back to life. For example Telstar 2, launched May 7, 1963, with great fanfare, It functioned perfectly until July 16, 1963, when it suddenly blacked out, It remained dormant

until August 12 then it suddenly picked up where it had left off. There were two satellites that had been dead for several months and all hope for them was lost, they returned to service within three days of each other, again, for reasons unknown.

Richard Kuschmerof of John Hopkins University, which built the Firefly, told newsmen: "This sort of thing is hard to believe. We have no explanation for the lights coming back on."

Doren Mitchell, of Bell Laboratories, which built Telstar 2 said: "There is no indication of what caused the failure -- but it might have been a meteorite."

The scientists were left with two questions: If the satellites were damaged by meteorites, what repaired the damage? The other question, which officials declined to discuss was this: Was something, or somebody, examining the satellites while they were out of service?

In 1964, a total of four of our satellites quit without apparent reasons and returned to service without apparent reason. The question which remains still unanswered-- is Why?

The record shows that quite early in the space race we encountered an enigma which was considered so important that top scientists devoted time and thought to it.

By July of 1960, there were eleven small U.S. satellites in orbit, and one large Soviet capsule, still following a known and predictable path. But our tracking gear showed a stranger, also in orbit. We had accounted for the products of all the Soviet launchings, on which we kept close records. We knew where our own satellites were and what they were doing. What was this unknown?

Newsweek magazine interviewed scientists at the Nations Space Surveillance Control Center; then Newsweek said: "A growing number of scientists are now convinced that Space-track may have overlooked at least one other space vehicle neither America's or Russia's but out of this world, indeed out of this solar system! This satellite, they suspect, is a visitor sent by the superior beings of a community of other stars within the Milky Way galaxy - a kind of United Stellar Organization interested, for archeological and anthropological reasons, in how things are going in this part of the galactic neighborhood."

Dr. Hermann Oberth and others had said virtually the same thing years before -- that to them the evidence indicated that somebody from Out There was looking us over!!

There had been many hints at such a state of affairs prior to 1960 -- and there have been a great many more since then.

Doug Borgert



For one of the intrepid reporters of this venerable column this marks the end of a long, long journey. He has at last reached his "Elysian Field" and the long sought rest of peacefulness. That intro is perhaps a bit too poetically sentimentalistic but ah for the green fields of Mercer County and its hallowed buildings on the hem of Burkettsville. It is truly with a tear of nostalgia that I reflect on the past two years at Xavier. Oh how my body is rocking with uncontrollable sobs as I turn from the everhappy past and face the onrushing future. It would be much too trite to delve back into the happenings of those bygone years so Mike and I will speak only of the occurrences since the last issue of PULSE.

Wilbur was relating to me an incident in Jamez's recent golfing victory and told me that J.O. had an eagle on the 18th hole. I'll let Dog take over..."You should've seen it Bradley, Sheski jsut shot a ship shot and the sucker landed on the green. What a great ship shot ." "Wilbur," I said, "the word is 'chip', chip shot." Dog replied, "Yea, ship, ship shot."

You all heard that Parnelli Jones lost the 500 because of the loss of a \$6 bearing. The proper word is indeed 'loss' because it is now here in the possession of 'bird'.

Last night I was watching a rerun of the trucker series "Cannonball". I couldn't help but be reminded of the antics of Christopher Hall's renowned truck driver Rosie, Greer. He couldn't understand how he hit that barn knocking a corner of the roof off. Maybe, Mr. Greer, there are two hundred fairies dancing around out there moving buildings in the path of trucks. Oh, yes and then they must have snapped the wires off the garage because no one messed with the gears.

I always said there should be a book written about sleep. We could perhaps call it RIP VAN JERWERS INCARNATED. It would contain various sections and chapters, dealing with the truly "greats" in the field of sleep. The first chapter would have to deal with those darling brothers of somnia: the Jerwers Boys. Never will anyone equal their record of two full years of utter sleep walking. It is not as yet in "RIPley's Believe It or Not" but both brothers can also drive 500 miles in a racked off car without letting anyone know they are feeling tinges of sleep about to overtake them. Congratulations to the finest brother act since the Brothers Karmanov. Sleeping and the sports world go hand in hand and for the bobbbers of both, lo if you are a fisherman and have need of a good bobber, I have some suggestions. There is what we call the "Whompa" -- a fine piece of merchandise for the part-time fisherman. There is for the amateur, the "T.P.", a rig which will always point out the exact position of your line. Then for the experienced world-travelling angler, there are these two pieces of equipment: the "Hoi-ying" for fishing off the southern coast of Japan and the "Niles" -- for, fishing, of course, along Egypt's own Nile River. If we can tab the right author this book would well be on the top ten list. These things really BOB with sleep!!

Wouldn't it be shocking if....

Borgert smiled

Brinkman had to study for semester exams

King didn't get "cut" everytime in Ramblings

Denny Jerwers didn't like food

Lothamer rooted for the Cincinnati Redlegs

Sinkovich increased his five word vocabulary

Glazier didn't like milk

Cozzens was drafted

Hohman and Kriegel didn't know everything

Rettig didn't like to torture animals

Pritz came back from vacation with a full head of hair

Stechschulte could play the organ

Brad and Mike had friends after this year's Ramblings

Yes! the phrase, "Experience is the mother of all knowledge, certainly holds true for one of our top-rung workers James Greer, Not only does Mr. Greer have an aptitude for handling practical problems, but he also has that vital experience which makes him so valuable on the job. To show some of Mr. Greer's knowledge, it will be necessary to list some of the important positions he has held in his lifetime. To start with he worked on the assembly line of the Gluck Piston Mfg. Co. Few other places can claim to give their workers the practical experience which this plant has given to Mr. Greer. After Mr. Greer has passed through the ranks of this company, he moved on to such stimulating jobs as pin setter, electrician, plumber, carpenter, sacristan, counseling, gardener, farmer, athletic coach, painter, janitor, brick layer, valet, cook, baker, engineer, expert mechanic. Mr. Greer has expressed his wish to try his hand at medicine. We will give him all the encouragement he needs to attain this last final goal along the way for him to attain his Ph.D. in Practical Experience.

Jim Field not only excels academically and athletically, but his extra-curricular activities can only be termed above and beyond the call of duty for a seminarian. Jim, this year, has been very influential in establishing better relations with the faculty members. However, Jim's high index could not be attributed to this since he performed these actions in an unselfish manner. For these and other reasons, Jim, you have earned the "tounge-in-cheek" award.

A Prayer

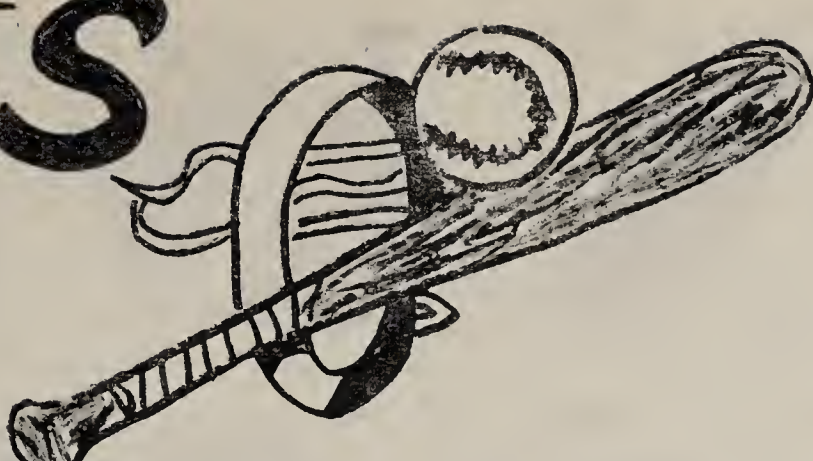
"And leaving all things, they followed Him." "For My yoke is sweet and my burden light."

O my God, as I kneel before you at the foot of the cross with your loving Mother, I, a poor sinner, humbly invoke your aid to become a worthy Brother, in the Society of the Precious Blood. You have given me the grace and wisdom, the strength to take the first step; help me day by day to become worthy of that love: to love my brother as You want me to, to be cheerful at all times, to do my duty with understanding that at times I may falter along the way because of my human weakness. Look with compassion and love on my every effort. Make me obedient in all things which my superior commands me to do, even if at times I want to rebel and do not understand. Make me humble, as You were, even to Your death on the cross; help me when I reach out my hand to put it into Yours; give me courage and faith when temptations assail me, so that I will be able to overcome them. Never let me assume that I can overcome them by myself; for that is when I become proud. Keep me on my knees, for there only is where I will find peace of mind.

And you, dear Mother, as you stand at the foot of the cross to comfort and console your dying Son, do not forget me in time of sorrow and woe. Keep me always near you: guide and protect me as you did your divine Son when He was just a little boy by your side. Give me the courage to carry my cross daily and not to count the cost. I know that you, loving Mother, will always be near to steady me when discouragement and failure bear heavy within me; and only then, my Mother, will I find that peace at the foot of the cross to offer to your Divine Son my whole being and thus become worthy of my holy vocation. Bless all those whom I love: my parents, brothers and sisters, and all those who have helped me that I may become a worthy Brother in the Society of the Precious Blood. May they continue to pray for me that I may become a worthy and devoted Brother.

Brother Lawrence Convery, C.P.P.S.

sports



IM events have been quite successful this year even though we did not win the all sports trophy as I had anticipated. Everybody did his share of entering in events. In the whole hall of Xavier, there were only two who did not participate in events, and I am sure they had their reasons. I call that being quite successful. There were sixteen IM events and on the average Xavier had more than twenty enter each event. No, we did not win the ALL SPORTS TROPHY, by having the highest amount of IM points, but we were close behind. The members of Xavier did collect quite a few trophies this year, more than ever before, and more than ANY other hall. The Mongie Nation is proud of its participation and wins. The following were the wins and number of trophies:

CHAMPIONSHIPS IN:	
Tug-o-war.....	10
Volleyball.....	10
Softball.....	13
Wrestling.....	1
Football skills.....	1
Golf.....	1

Out of 114 possible trophies Xavier won 36. In many sports, even though we did not win, we were in the semi-finals or the finals, such as in football and tennis. And in bowling we only missed the tourney by a few points.

Congratulations to all involved in IM sports this season. Let's all hope for an even better showing next year!

XAVIER WINS!

Mongies capture softball crown!!!

Softball was the most confusing sport of the year. It was supposed to start before Easter vacation but this was postponed due to the water crisis. When it finally did get started about May 1st the Indiana weather had plans of its own. Many games were rained out. The Xavier Mongies were standing with a 5-0 record after the regular season with 3 wins and 2 forfeits to its credit. The Xavier Diggers stood with a 4-0 record with one win and three forfeits. Many other teams forfeited games not realizing that it would hurt their tourney chances. The Postulants of Christopher Hall were 3-1 with 1 win and two forfeits, and one loss by forfeit. Without that last forfeit they too would have merited tourney play. The tournament included only those teams with undefeated records. The stage was set for a Xavier championship.

The Mongies were scheduled to play the Halas team in the semi-finals with the winner facing the Diggers in the finals. A victory for the Mongies assured Xavier of the crown.

The Mongies started the game with a quick score. Schmelzer got on through an error and then walk to Kuhlman. Langenkamp loaded the sacks for the Mongies. Uhlenhake, the captain, lined a single through into left field knocking in

one run. Pitcher Frank Pritz made the one run lead stand up for 2 1/2 innings with excellent pitching but was hurt by a loose ball in left field which allowed two runs to score for Halas. Pritz continued his fine pitching until Uhlenhake replaced him with Ebach in the fifth. Frank left the mound with two big strikeouts to his credit for four innings. In the 5th Halas got another run on a bunt single scoring a runner from third. The Mongies came up in the last inning for the final cuts trailing 3-1. Ebach, the first batter, bunted safely and stole second and third. Nath walked and stole second. (Yes, it IS hard to believe.) Rettig smashed a liner to right scoring the two runners, and knotting the game at 3-3. With Rettig at second, Schmelzer got the bunt sign and laid down a beauty sending Rettig to third and he made it safely to first. Langenkamp playing third for the absent Bornhorst, hit a hard smash down the third base line and when the third baseman bobbled it the run scored and the Mongies had won a berth in the finals by upsetting Halas 4-3. Next; the Diggers!



The final game saw the Mongies face the Diggers. The final score was 12-5 in favor of the Mongies. Both teams, agreed that it was a difficult game to play. Both teams were anxious to pull a win. The game was almost an anticlimax to the previous thriller because the seminarians were sure in the long run that Xavier Hall would be champs. To save time and space I've included the players on both teams with time at bats, hits, errors, RBI's and positions. Congratulations to both teams for a fine season.



XAVIER MONGIES

<u>PLAYERS</u>	<u>AB</u>	<u>H</u>	<u>E</u>	<u>RBI</u>	<u>POSITION</u>
Langenkamp	5	1	0	1	2nd base
Kuhlman	5	2	1	1	SS
Bornhorst	4	1	0	0	3rd base
Cabral	5	3	0	2	L.F.
Uhlenhake	4	4	0	2	R.F.
Schmidt	1	0	0	0	R.F.
Nath	4	1	0	0	Catcher
Rettig	4	0	0	1	C.F.
Menscik	3	0	0	1	1st base
Ebach	4	3	0	4	Pitcher
Monnin	1	0	1	0	1st base
Schmelzer	1	0	0	0	3rd base
Pritz	0	0	0	0	Pitcher

<u>XAVIER DIGGERS</u>	<u>AB</u>	<u>H</u>	<u>E</u>	<u>RBI</u>	<u>POSITIONS</u>
King	4	2	0	1	2nd base
Malatesta	4	1	1	0	3rd base
Lothamer	4	2	0	1	SS
Brown	4	2	0	3	1st base
Vondrell	4	0	0	0	L.F.
Don Jerwers	4	0	1	0	Catcher
Fossum	3	0	0	0	R.F.
Kunisch	3	0	0	0	C.F. (Pitcher)
Hohenbrink	3	0	1	0	Pitcher (C.F.)
Brinkman	0	0	0	0	Catcher
Hofstetter	0	0	0	0	R.F.



VOLLEYBALL

It has only been 2 or 3 months since the volleyball season ended, but naturally it cannot go unmentioned, In my last PULSE article I no doubt sounded a bit pessimistic about our having a winning team. Although Xavier had eight teams entered in the tourney not one of the teams had a "tall" man. Slowly our teams dropped by the wayside in defeat. Going into the semi-finals there were two Mongie teams. The number one hall team, the Xavier Mongies were sitting in the finals bracket patiently awaiting the outcome of the semi-final game. Tierney's Zip-Codes tried vainly to slip past Halas and assure the hall of an unprecedented third consecutive volleyball crown, Fate had

it differently. The Zip Codes just could not cope with their taller opponents and bowed out in defeat. The scene was set for the volleyball finals putting the Xavier Mongies against the Noll Pop Tops. Bill kuhlman and Mike Bornhorst at 6'2" were the tall men for the Mongies. They faced half of the SJC basketball team in Ken Broussard, Jim Still, and Joe Thomson. In two swift games the Mongies brought the volleyball championship to Xavier for the third straight year. The squad pulled it out with some excellent team work each time using all three chances...and of course, Ebach's coaching from the sideline (I had to to put that in). Naturally the entire Mongie nation called out by Xavier Student Council added to the contest with their spirited cheering. The team members expressed their appreciation to all the members of the hall for pulling hard for them to win...and win they did!

GOLF:

Not too much has been said about golf in the past because it comes and goes so fast that no one realizes that it has begun. Golf is played at Curtis Creek, about eight miles from the college. All the golfers can play--their eighteen holes and hand in their score cards whenever they wish, before a set date, as long as they have a reliable witness to verify their scores. Xavier's golfers included such greats as Pete King, Den Jerwers, Doug Borgert, Ken Hohenbrink, Mike Smith, Rich Moser, Bill Stechschulte, Darryl Cabral, Jim Langenkamp, Chuck Fiely, and Mike Tierney. Most of these Xavier golfers scored typically average scores. However, one Xavier golfer managed to obtain a rather delightfully low score for eighteen holes..This great golfer is Jim Olszewski, who won I.M. golf two consecutive years. Jim won this year's golf with a magnificent average of 76, a score worthy to be ranked among the pros. In his last game, Jim was golfing fairly well and when he approached the last hole he gave his score a big boost by getting an eagle which gave him a second round score of 72. Great golfing Jim! Congratulations to you for winning the trophy, and also a big hand to everyone else who added points to the I.M. standings by participating.

TENNIS:

Tennis singles were rather slow to get started this year because of the revised schedule. It so happened that many tennis players figured tennis matches might interfere with studies since finals were approaching. The tennis schedule has always been difficult for the Mongies to follow because the matches are usually very lengthy and often conflict with their own schedule in the hall. But in spite of the rough schedule, we had plenty of tennis fans to add more I.M. points. Xavier had such old pros back from last year, as Kunisch, Schmelzer, Groblewski, O'Neil, Rogers, O'Reilly and Burnett, who lasted through a very large part of the tournament. Xavier was also fortunate enough to have new net men such as Borgert, Fiely, Moser, Stechshulte, Lothamer, Hofstetter, Kaminsky, Fortman, King, Glazier, and Vondrell. Many of these players were knocked out of the tournament, not because they did not play well, but because the schedule had many of the Xavier men competing against each other. Somebody had to loose. The one net man whom Xavier is proud of is our "laughing" Catalano. Catalano fought his way through great and famous tennis players, all the way to the finals. In the finals he ran against a man from West Seifert Hall named Bruce. After a terrific contest, Mark Bruce came out as the victor over Bruce Catalano. Although Bruce went to defeat, nearly everybody was cheering for him to pull a victory. Congratulations to you, Bruce, and of course to everyone else mentioned before for representing Xavier so well.

TRACK:

Track, the last scheduled IM event could not have been held at a worse time. Xavier members were anxious to go out and compete on that track, but as I have mentioned so many times before, Indiana is rather unpredictable. I was afraid that it might snow before the day was over, because of the thirty-degree weather and a fifty-mile an hour wind. Quite a few members of Xavier had signed up for track, but did not think that it was wise to run in weather like that. Despite the weather, many came out and ran a few events. Xavier had two great track stars, Hofstetter, and Gessler, but having to fight the weather conditions,

they could not function perfectly. Gessler's the sprinter and Hofstetter, the distance runner. The Brother Postulants cannot be excluded because they have a man, Jerry Hall, who is able to heave a shot-put as if it were a little rubber ball. That may be a little far-fetched, but Jerry came closer in his field event than any other member from our religious halls. He finished third in his event without too much practice. Congrats and thanks to everyone who participated in track and field. All the participants are too numerous to mention, but if you participated, you deserve a thanks, because it wasn't the best day for it.

It is difficult to begin to thank everybody for the co-operation you have given me because you deserve more than a thanks, but right now that is all I have to give. So thanks a million for everything. I pushed everybody hard to get that all-sports trophy, but I wanted the hall to have another one and I was almost certain that we could win it. I was wrong, but I don't feel that my anticipating was a waste of time because it was quite the contrary. If I ever neglected to mention somebody or something, in my article that you felt should have been mentioned I am truly sorry. I tried to mention everybody possible that I remembered. I tried to keep track from article to article but sometimes I might have forgotten it, or else did not think it was necessary to mention, whereas somebody else might have thought that it was more important than something else. Some people also might have thought that the lousy name of Ebach appeared quite often. I did not use that name more often because it was mine. In fact many times I felt like I might be using it too much, but many times I had to, because it was the only way I could write the article. I apologize to everybody whom I neglected, or whose feelings I hurt in any way.

A great, great thanks to Frs. McKay & O'Dell for altering schedule after schedule for IM's. Thanks from the troops to Frs. Heiman and Rodak for altering class schedules for IM players.

A. Ebach

editorial

In this "editorial" I would like to deviate from the usual form of the editorial and write an open thank you note to everyone who has helped PULSE this year to become as big and good as it has become. First of all I wish to thank Father Paul Wellman, and the college business office for furnishing both the offset printing press that we print PULSE on, and also all of the paper that goes into printing the PULSE. Next I wish to thank our moderator, Father James McKay, for all the time spent in checking through various articles before publication, I also wish to thank Fathers Richard Kissner, and Frank Spanbauer for the generous loan of their Selectric typewriters, without which the PULSE could not have been typed. I wish to thank the members of Xavier Hall for writing articles, and the readers for their letters of praise and encouragement. Finally I want to thank each and every member of my staff who has devoted so much time and effort to make the PULSE the news magazine that it has been this past year.

THANK YOU TO:

Jim Evans, Fred Hofstetter, Russ Groblewski, and Frank Pritz, for the endless hours they have put in up in the dark room to make possible all of the excellent pictures that have appeared in the PULSE this year.

Pete King my assistant editor who has helped this year wherever help was needed.

Bert Woolson, Dan Rogers, Fred Hofstetter, Craig Cahoon, Jim Olszewski, John Kriegel, Doug Borgert, Mike Smith, Roger Fortman, Paul Weber, and Dick Wise who have put in hour upon hour to insure that all the masters could be typed in time to meet the deadline.

Bill Kunisch for seeing to it that PULSE got out in the mail as soon after publication as possible.

Ron Will for his tireless effort in coordinating all the picture taking, and for seeing to it that all the articles were handed in on time.

Al Rettig for helping me to tame "Myrtle" down enough to get a half decent print job for PULSE.

Paul Weber for spending endless hours on typing, folding, stapling, writing, etc., etc.

Al Ebach, Paul Weber, Andy O'Reilly, Mike Smith, Brad Uhlenhake, and Tom Fossum for writing monthly columns.

John Jadgchew for seeing to it that the files were kept up to date.

Brad Uhlenhake for dreaming up the titles for articles and doing all the art work and headlines for the final copy of PULSE.

John Mencsik, Frank Pritz, Steve Herniak, Jim Greer, Al Ebach, Dan Rogers, Tom Brown, and all the other "faithfuls" who spent hours to assemble and staple the final copy.

Paul Fongheiser for trimming each copy of PULSE.

If anyone was missed in this thank-you note, it was not done purposefully. I wish to sincerely thank everyone who helped in the smallest way to make the PULSE the great newspaper that it seems to have been this past year. Without your help, PULSE could have been just another failure.

At this time I would like to congratulate the new PULSE editor, Pete King. I along with the 1966-1967 PULSE staff wish him and his staff the best of luck in the coming year.

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*PULSE is published by and for the students of Xavier Hall,
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 get enough material to make it worth printing.*

THANK YOU

*We wish to thank Fathers Spanbauer and Kissner for the
 generous loan of their electric typewriters, without which
 publication of the PULSE would not be possible.*

In putting out this issue of PULSE the staff was a bit short-handed. As a matter of fact, the entire issue was put out by three persons. This lack of experienced help necessitated the weakened staff to discard much of the usual procedure in putting out editions.. This issue was NOT proof read. As a result we are offering a \$5 prize to the reader who discovers the most mistakes, in spelling, typing, and punctuation. Send in your list by August 31st stating the mistake and the page number---- once again, we, the staff of '67, thank you for helping us to improve the paper of Xavier.

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